

The Royal Lichtenstein Quarter-Ring Circus performed in the Clarke student cafeteria on March 27 as part of a 32-week, 41 state tour. Above sophomore Brigid Tomasik helps ringmaster Nick Weber and assistant Stephen Coyle with a magic trick.

Circus comes to Clarke

CCSNS — The Royal Lichtenstein circus, featuring animal acts, skits, and magic tricks, entertained about 150 audience members of all ages in the Clarke cafeteria last week.

"I've always been involved in the theater and I wanted to perform in a way that would be easy for the 'common Joe' to see and enjoy," said Nick Weber, the circus ringmaster. He added that the circus "seemed to be the natural format" since he has always enjoyed circuses.

Weber, a Jesuit priest, has been traveling with his circus for about eight years. This year the three-member Quarter-Ring Circus stopped at Clarke as part of a 32-week, 41-state tour. Stephen Coyle and Larry Ryan, Weber's two assistants, help him write and perform their own material and train their own animals.

The animals have a charisma all their own as they, Pepe the French Poodle, Miss Suzy the monkey, along with trained cats and a Shetland pony nearly steal the show from the three humans.

The life of the circus is fast-paced. Coyle, who became involved with the Lichtenstein circus "by a stroke of luck" when he met Weber, after graduating from Santa Clara University with a theater major, talked as the stage was hurriedly torn down. "We have to be in Beloit (Wisconsin) tonight for a show tomorrow," explained Weber.

The Lichtenstein circus performs mostly for colleges and universities, but their material is geared for all ages. One young member of the audience captured the feeling of many. "I loved it all," she giggled through cotton candy-covered fingers.

Friendship Ambassadors learn Spanish at Clarke

Who are the 160 Dubuque persons who enter Clarke's Catherine Byrne Hall Monday through Thursday evenings? And who are the young women they come to see and hear?

These people are part of the 250-member Dubuque Friendship Force going to Guatemala this spring. The members, ranging in age from 15 to 70, attend Spanish lessons at Clarke, and their instructors are Clarke senior Spanish majors Anne Casey, Anne McCabe, Paula Puls, and Liz Rosado.

The Friendship Force is a nationwide organization, also known as "Ambassadors of Friendship." Organized in 1972, the Friendship Force now claims membership in twenty-five states. It enables American citizens of all social and ethnical backgrounds to participate in foreign experience while living within a foreign family home. In return, the group serves as an exchange program for American families who wish to host foreign visitors.

The Dubuque division is under the direction of Mrs. Margaret Fuerste, of 1360 S. Grandview. Fuerste, a former Continuing Education Spanish student at Clarke, inquired of her former instructor Sister Lucilda O'Connor about a mini course language in Spanish to benefit interested Force members. Sister Lucilda then invited Casey,

McCabe, Puls, and Rosado to serve as instructors for the course. The four have all participated in a Spanish department's foreign study/tour to Spain.

The 160 members are divided into four 40-member classes. Each instructor conducts two one-and-one-half-hour classes per week. With Sister Lucilda's supervision, the girls coordinate their classes and maintain parallel schedules.

Many audio-visual aids are used during the classes to help students with comprehension of the language. Records and tapes with copy and translation handbooks expose students to both the hearing and seeing of Spanish. Films on Latin American culture and history broaden the student's knowledge.

According to Casey, the course is designed to aid the students in realistic situations. There are no mechanics lessons, but rather common vocabulary and phrase skills are taught. "We have Spanish menus which the students are learning to read and request foods from. The students are coming along fine and are recognizing many words and phrases," she said. "They're having fun, too, which is important."

Sister Lucilda added, "We have shown several films on Latin American music to further familiarize students with the people, their customs and their culture."

Raise in dues expected

CCSNS — A \$5 to \$10 increase in Clarke Student Association (CSA) dues is anticipated for the 1979-80 school year. The increase, which will be used in part to help support the tri-college Cultural Events program, was discussed at the March 22 CSA Executive Council meeting.

While some council members wanted to reduce expenditures to avoid an increase, others felt it necessary to raise the dues, although no final decision was reached.

Presently, CSA dues are \$25, \$11 of which is returned to students in the form of activity tickets. The proposed increase, which will be the first raise in four years if passed, may enable the distribution of more tickets per student.

Students have expressed a need for more tickets and with increased union programming planned, the need would increase. More on-campus events for freshmen may be also set up since most incoming freshmen will be under the legal Iowa drinking age. This would also cause an increased need for more activity tickets.

The Council passed a proposal to raise student dues by \$3 to fund the Cultural Events program, but further action may be taken on the increase. Because budget cuts left no allowance for the \$1,000 necessary to fund the Cultural Events program, council members voted to supply the funds for sponsoring artistic, dramatic and musical events

for tri-college audiences. In other business, room selection for on-campus students was discussed. Council members voted to allow students who have painted their rooms to reserve them. Other possibilities concerning the April 17 and 18 selection were to reserve four rooms on each floor for incoming students and to place all freshmen in single rooms, but these points were both turned down.

Lenten theme is simplicity

Have you wondered who is responsible for the "Simplicity Is . . ." stickers posted at various spots on campus? Put your curiosity to rest; it's Phoenix, Clarke's awareness-raising organization.

The motto "Simplicity Is . . ." is this year's Lenten observance theme. The purpose, according to Karen Thompson, Phoenix chairperson, is to help students and faculty/administration members realize the things they can do without.

One "Simplicity Is . . ." model is energy and finances conservation. "For example," explains Thompson, "the elevator in Mary Benedict Hall costs 50 cents to start after every complete stop. People should try to take the stairs as often as possible."

the COURIER

Vol. L(B) No. 22 CLARKE COLLEGE, Dubuque, Iowa April 6, 1979

Proposal would abolish all standing committees

by Chelley Vician
Staff Reporter
Present internal governance of college affairs may not be in existence next school year if a proposal presented at the March 29th Forum meeting is approved by that body and the Board of Trustees.

Forum members debated the faculty-generated proposal and took preliminary steps to act on it. Formal action on this proposal is expected to take place at the next Forum meeting, tentatively set for Thursday, April 19th in ALH.

The proposed governance system calls for abolishment of the current Faculty Senate as well as the Forum and its standing committees; AAC, FAC and SAC. The new system would consist of a "strict chain-of-command, but community-answerable, governance system" according to the proposal.

Discussion centered around fears of this type of governance turning into a monarchy, as well as the problems of accountability of administrators. It was stressed by those in favor of the proposal that this would not change the present structure of SCA.

Action taken at this meeting was to recommend that this proposal warranted Forum's attention as well as that of the entire Clarke College community. The Board of Trustees has the final word on governance at the college, although recommenda-

tions from Forum on this proposal are part of this decision.

Final action on the proposal must be taken at the next Forum meeting so there is enough time to prepare a presentation for the Spring Board of Trustees meeting April 27.

Dr. Michael Turney submitted the proposal to Forum after an informal discussion with faculty members. It was then circulated among the faculty for support before being presented to Forum.

The proposal reads as follows: "Accepting the premise that administrators ought to administer and faculty members ought to teach, and that no one should have to put up with an endless succession of meetings, we propose a one-year experiment with a streamlined, non-committee governance structure.

"There will be no standing committees, and consequently no regularly scheduled meetings, no Forum and no Faculty Senate. Instead we will have a strict chain-of-command, but community-answerable, governance system in which administrators assume sole responsibility and direct, immediate accountability for their operational areas.

"Accountability and explanations for decisions and actions will be achieved through a monthly question time similar to what cabi-

net officials and department heads face in the British Parliament.

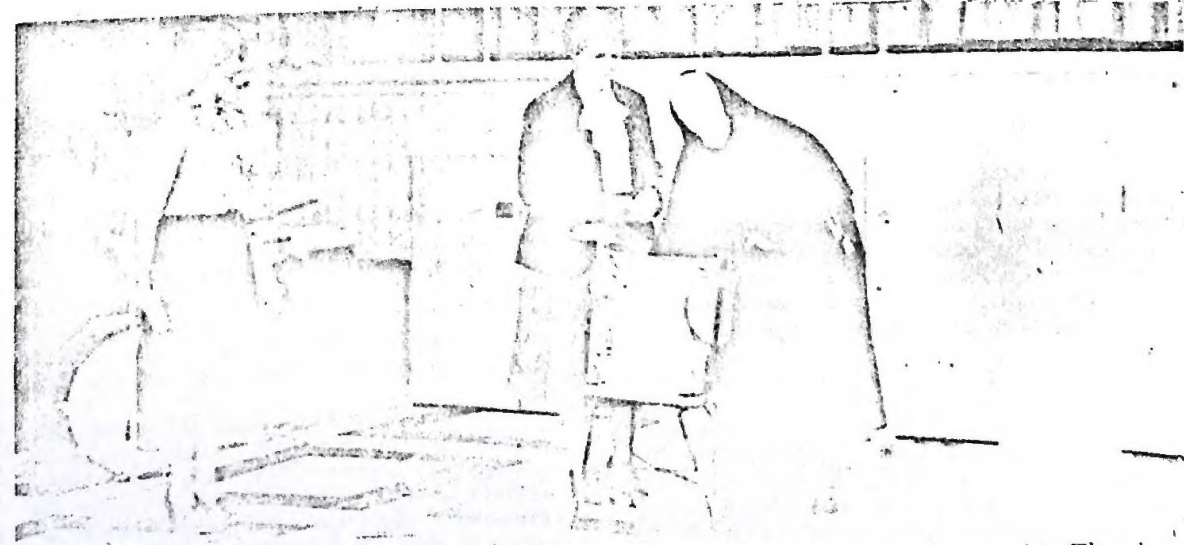
"On the first Monday of every month the major administrators (president, deans, business manager . . .) and appropriate program directors (public relations admissions, CE . . .) will convene in ALH at 4:20 p.m. to answer questions from any and all faculty, staff and students who choose to attend. Question time will continue until all questions have been addressed or fewer than three audience members remain. In the absence of questions the meeting will adjourn immediately.

"Administrators may call special meetings and/or forum single-purpose ad hoc committees to deal with specific issues as the need arises.

"At the end of the year the experiment will be evaluated. The experimental governance structure will either be retained or a new system based specifically on the needs and patterns of interaction which emerged during the experiment will be developed."

The above proposal deals with Forum and its standing committees, AAC, FAC, and SAC, as well as the Faculty Senate.

This proposal does not affect the Clarke Student Association and its committees; RAP, Phoenix, Off Campus Students, On Campus Life, Social Board, and Cultural Events, nor does it affect student officers.



Sister Constantia Fox draws the \$1000 raffle ticket at the Parents' Weekend dance Saturday evening. The winner was Bob Schoeder of Guttenberg. Schoeder who bought the ticket from Mary Ann Otting did not believe Kathy O'Flaherty when she phoned him with the good news on Sunday, April 1. He phoned Clarke on Monday April 2 to find out if Sunday's call had been an April Fool's joke. Sister Eugena Sullivan won the drawing of Clarke ticket sellers. Because money is still coming in the amount of profit is not yet known.

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Opinion

Cross-registration benefits students

A Liberal Arts Education allows students to explore many different areas of learning while still correlating and concentrating on one major field. This advantage is further extended in Dubuque, by the tri-college cross-registration policy open to all students and persons in the community. As one quotable said, "The whole is greater than the sum of its parts," which, in relation to a tri-college education, is absolutely true.

The extensive areas that each college concentrates on, are combined to form stable and workable departments and increase varied faculty members as well.

The cross-registration policy restricts opportunities in some respects: if a class is offered on the home campus or is filled on the other campuses, it may not be open. However, because of the sundry elective courses offered, there is usually always something that is accessible.

Presently, only 2 small percentage of the students on all three campuses take advantage of the variety of classes available on other than their home campus. The *Courier* staff recognizes this fact and encourages the use of tri-college opportunities.

Especially now that pre-registration is near, students should elect to increase their educational opportunities and broaden their areas of interest through classes on other campuses. Not only is the student benefitting from this venture, but expanding the cross-registration enrollment will also strengthen tri-college relations.

Whereas Clarke, Loras and the University of Dubuque are stable schools on their own — each has an important contribution that when combined with the others, creates a unique and worthwhile education system that shouldn't be ignored.

The Arts

Art major spends time with music

By Margaret Carioti
Arts Columnist

The events of Parents' Weekend were many and varied. There appeared to be quite a substantial turnout in the way of family members and everyone seemed to have a full schedule, both observers of activities and participants. Thinking back on the whole thing, trying to take stock of what I had personally accomplished, some curious thoughts occurred to me. Each department had certain activities prepared for the guests to enjoy. My department, for instance, held an art sale in the afternoon. I, however, had nothing ready to contribute; no ceramic wares were glazed and no prints matted. Later that evening, a raku firing was held outside in the kiln room, and judging from tales of past firings, it was a smoky, smelley, fun and exciting event. I, however, had no pieces ready for firing and in fact, was not present for any portion of the process. Was the art major apathetic that weekend? Hardly! She was merely temporarily displaced. One might say she was taking an opportunity to test herself and, at the same time, indulge in another very important aspect of her life.

You see, I am an art major by desire. However, the restriction to that field is only on paper. I love the art, it's true, but an equally potent love is music. I chose Parents' Weekend to do something I like to do occasionally, play the musician for a night and perform in a recital. It was one of the more rewarding experiences of the year in my estimation, because at this time in my life, the whole spiritual, expressive, sensitive side of me is directly linked to the hearing and playing of music.

I do not feel that I betray my own major in this feeling, for as far as I can see, one could not exist without the other. I grew up in a home where all forms of art were highly respected and where an appreciation for music, literature, art and theater could develop without restriction. Now that I think of it, I am glad it happened that way, because I have found that a natural appreciation for these things has made my short nineteen years extremely interesting and fruitful.

At any rate, I was allowed to cultivate myself artistically and musically with much encouragement. When it came time to decide upon a major, I had many interests which I would have liked to pursue. When I chose art, it was as if I "felt it in my bones" so to speak. It was fascinating and a challenge to the technical, analytical side of my nature. At that point I might easily have dropped the music to devote myself to the major alone. The music was not abandoned though, because it appealed to my more interpretive, emotional side and was too great a part of me to let go.

I did not want to double major, because I real-

ized that the two disciplines were alike in their demand for time and devotion. I believed I could never do justice to both as majors. So I opted to keep the music as a personal endeavor, something I could continue to develop and enjoy while more seriously delving into the art world.

At times, such as this past weekend, it seems as if the music and art reverse in order of importance and the time and devotion are concentrated upon the discipline that is not the major. But then I think, does it really matter? One must be allowed such indulgences, if only for a change of pace if not for the personal growth one achieves. After all, performance has a great deal to do with one's personal growth in both art and music. I remember all the years when I was unwilling to share my zeal for music with others by playing the piano for them. Nerves had a lot to do with this, of course. But as I got older and more advanced, I began to feel a certain regret when people no longer bothered to ask me to play. I had set up a barrier and they respected it to the point where I began, out of indignance at their indifference, to want to play; not to show off, but to express my feelings about a piece. This new attitude toward performance was a major sign of growth in itself.

Ever since that time, I have found great satisfaction in participating in recitals. I enjoy sharing the beauty I feel in a musical work just as I might point out a fantastic piece of art work to someone with exclamations of excitement. I feel confident knowing that I can express myself effectively in two forms of art.

I have been so enriched by the years of study, by the collection of books and records of all sorts and the pure appreciation of music that I can't imagine having totally forgetting it in pursuit of my major. It has strengthened my art as well, because the two disciplines, both historically and interpretively are so complementary to each other. I can't remember ever having done a drawing without listening to music of some kind. And I know from my own evaluations of myself that the interaction of my art and music have had a great deal to do with my basic outlook and attitudes toward other aspects of my life.

I am thankful that I have had the opportunities to make the greatest use of my interests and the encouragement to pursue them all, in spite of having to choose a single interest in which to get a degree. My greatest hope is that I will never become so limited as to throw away a chance to indulge in those things which are ultimately my very self. Because it is of the greatest necessity that a person keep his or her entire self alive, growing and interested. Otherwise, what fun is living? Better to have to choose one activity to the exclusion of many possibilities on a Parents' Weekend than to be indifferent to it all.



by Kim Esser

Any day now, someone from the magazine *Catholic World* is going to come along and commission me to write my memoirs, or *Reader's Digest* will want the exclusive rights for my true life crisis entitled, "How I Gave Up Drinking All Alcoholic Beverages for Lent and Survived."

Let me emphasize from the start, this was no easy feat. Before I embarked upon such an insurmountable Lenten goal, I had to ask myself such soul-searching questions as: Is it possible? Will my friends laugh at me? Will my parents believe it? Will the bars of Dubuque go out of business? Will God take this into consideration when I bite the dust? And most importantly, am I crazy?

After deciding that: my friends would laugh at anything I attempted, my parents could always have my liver checked for proof, the Dubuque bars would make a fortune on diet pepsi, I could always remind God of the Lent of 1979 on my deathbed, and that of course I'm crazy; I went ahead and gave up drinking.

Now, the first thing a person does is not just say, "Gee, it's Lent. I think I'll give up drinking." That would be no way to begin. The brave, courageous, daring, and daredevil of a person (namely me) would first have to formulate a plan of action — a route of attack.

It is first advisable to adopt the attitude of a soldier going to battle. Remember, the enemy is everywhere. In this case, the number one enemy is beer. In order to be ready for combat, it is imperative to

Situations

always carry 30 cents. This is for buying pepsi, coke, or anything non-alcoholic in the case of an emergency. Without this 30 cents, you could be a casualty of "I-can't-stand-it-anymore Syndrome." This syndrome usually strikes when everyone is drinking a beer and you're not.

It is also crucial to ignore what your so-called friends may say or do to you during this trying period. Some may tempt you by holding a beer under your nose and blowing the foam into your face, hoping that you'll give in. My ex-friend Gina is great for that one. Of course, I do have friends who do try to support me. Maureen follows me around with a rosary. She's such an inspiration.

In the event of withdrawal pains, it is essential to have a number to call. I recommend Alcoholics Anonymous or Dial Finance.

They're both very understanding. Otherwise, drink a lot of warm milk to keep your hands from shaking. I know my nerves were ready to be put into traction by the end of the second week.

In conclusion, I feel I have been rewarded thus far for surviving Lent without a drop of alcohol. As well as graduating from Clarke College on May 12th, I will also be canonized Saint Jane. Although I do not want to brag, I have been elected "Liver Poster Girl of 1979" for the Easter Seal Foundation and will go on tour of the nation with the surgeon general.

Since there is only one week left remaining, I am fairly confident of surviving. The only snag I foresee is the Junior's 2nd Annual Bunny Hop of the bars from one end of Central to the other. What am I going to do with a bunch of drunk rabbits? Oh well, pass the carrot juice please.



'Halloween' is like a rollercoaster ride

By Margaret Doyle
Staff Reporter

"Come on . . . ya wanna?"
"No."
"Why not?"
"Cuz I don't have time."
"It only lasts two hours."
"I have to study."
"Study? you didn't tell me that you were sick?"
"Funny . . . but seriously, I don't want to see it."
"Chicken."
"I am not!"
"Well, then let's see it."
"Look who's talking Miss Nerves of Steel, you couldn't sleep for a week after seeing one episode of "Bewitched!"
"I don't know . . ."
"C'mon, everybody's seen it!"
"That must be the reason for the "Laundry Room Escort" sign-up sheet in the lobby."
O.K. chicken little,
I'm not gonna plead with you anymore . . . I'll just have to go by myself . . . all alone . . . in the dark theatre . . . not knowing a soul around me . . .
"What a martyr, O.K., I'll go . . . BUT, on one condition . . ."
"Anything."
"Can we sit in the opposite direction from the screen?"
"Go jump . . ."

That's how I ended up in the Strand Theatre watching the new horror film, "Halloween." It has been reviewed as being the heir to the throne of the most frightening Hollywood horror classic, Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho."

The film stars newcomer Jamie Lee Curtis who plays Laurie, a teenager who spends Halloween night, 1978, babysitting a young boy.

To start us off with a bang, the opening scene shows six-year old Michael murdering his babysitter on Halloween night, 1963. The babysitter had been visited by her boyfriend with the intentions of indulging in some hankie-pankie, while neglecting to watch Michael. The parents come home later to find him with a huge, bloody knife in his hand. Taking off his mask, we see for the first time an expressionless little boy wearing a clown costume.

In the next scene, a nurse and a psychologist are driving to a mental hospital to check on Michael, now 15 years older. As they arrive on the grounds, patients are seen wandering freely in and out of the gates. Stopping the car in front of the gate to call a guard, the psychologist leaves the nurse alone in the car. Tensely, I curled up in my seat, and buried my head in my jacket knowing that Michael had probably not decided to stay in this particular night. Slowly, the music strengthens, the audience feels that his

presence is not far away. I started winding up for an earth shattering scream because I knew he would appear soon, but how, why, when and where is still a mystery. Suddenly, a figure leaps out toward the screen, to the roof of the car. Terrified, the nurse huddles up near the window, not knowing what to expect. Again, the eerie music builds to a nerve-racking climax. Finally, a hand thrusts down breaking the window. The nurse frantically stumbles out of the car, and we assume from watching the car speed away that the driver is Michael — now a free man, or animal, which ever you prefer. Picking myself up from under the seat, I sense that I am on a roller-coaster ride. Once you get on, you're on it for good . . . The only difference being that I suddenly felt like this roller-coaster had no brakes.

Michael returns to his hometown on Halloween to resume his calling as a babysitter murderer. Looking for victims, he drives by a house and over-hears Laurie telling her father that she has to babysit that night. Now we know who is going to get it and why, but we have to find out when, where and how. The murderer's face is always hidden behind a spooky white mask, and he always wears blood-stained green coveralls. We later find out that he "borrowed" them from a victim along side the highway.

given several opportunities to strike, but he does not take advantage of them until our grips are firmly implanted on our neighbor's arm.

Enroute to his destination of killing Laurie, the murderer kills three of her friends. Laurie calls one of the victims, who was babysitting right across the street, and gets suspicious when the phone is not answered. A short while later, she receives a call and listens to one of the victims getting murdered. She finally decides to go over to the house and solve her curiosity. It is this scene where she finds all three bodies and encounters the murderer. After seeing this it was all I could do to pry my nails out of the ceiling.

A brief synopsis of the final scene: Laurie escapes from the killer, and attacks him with no less than a knitting needle, a hanger, and a huge knife. Each time the audience breathes a sigh of relief, but he always gets up and resumes his goal of murdering the babysitter. Finally, the psychologist tracks down the house and rushes in to shoot him six times. As he is drilling him full of holes, the murderer backs up too far and falls over the balcony . . . we can all rest easy now, right? No human being could be alive after all that physical torment. As the camera slowly moves over the balcony, we look down on the lawn and see that he is gone.

McQuaid, junior, modeled class. Fashions were provided.

James spices up Clarke meal plan

by Anne Whitehead
Feature Editor

CCSNS — Larry James, one of Clarke's finest educators, is not a professor. He isn't even a faculty member. Yet, James deals with more students at Clarke College than any of its faculty or administrators.

"A food service has to be more than just feeding," maintained the ruddy-faced James. "It has to be an educational experience. There are so many foods that people should be exposed to," he added.

An adamant critic of institutionalized food, James' goal is to add a more individualistic, creative flavor to the College's food service. "I want the students to be proud of Clarke's meal program," he stated.

business," he said. "This was a great influence on me. It gave me the 'idea' to pursue a food-related career," added James in his distinct Eastern dialect.

James graduated from the University of Denver in 1968 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Business Administration, placing specific emphasis in Hotel Restaurant Management.

Following his graduation, James worked for a short period of time with the McDonald's Corporation.

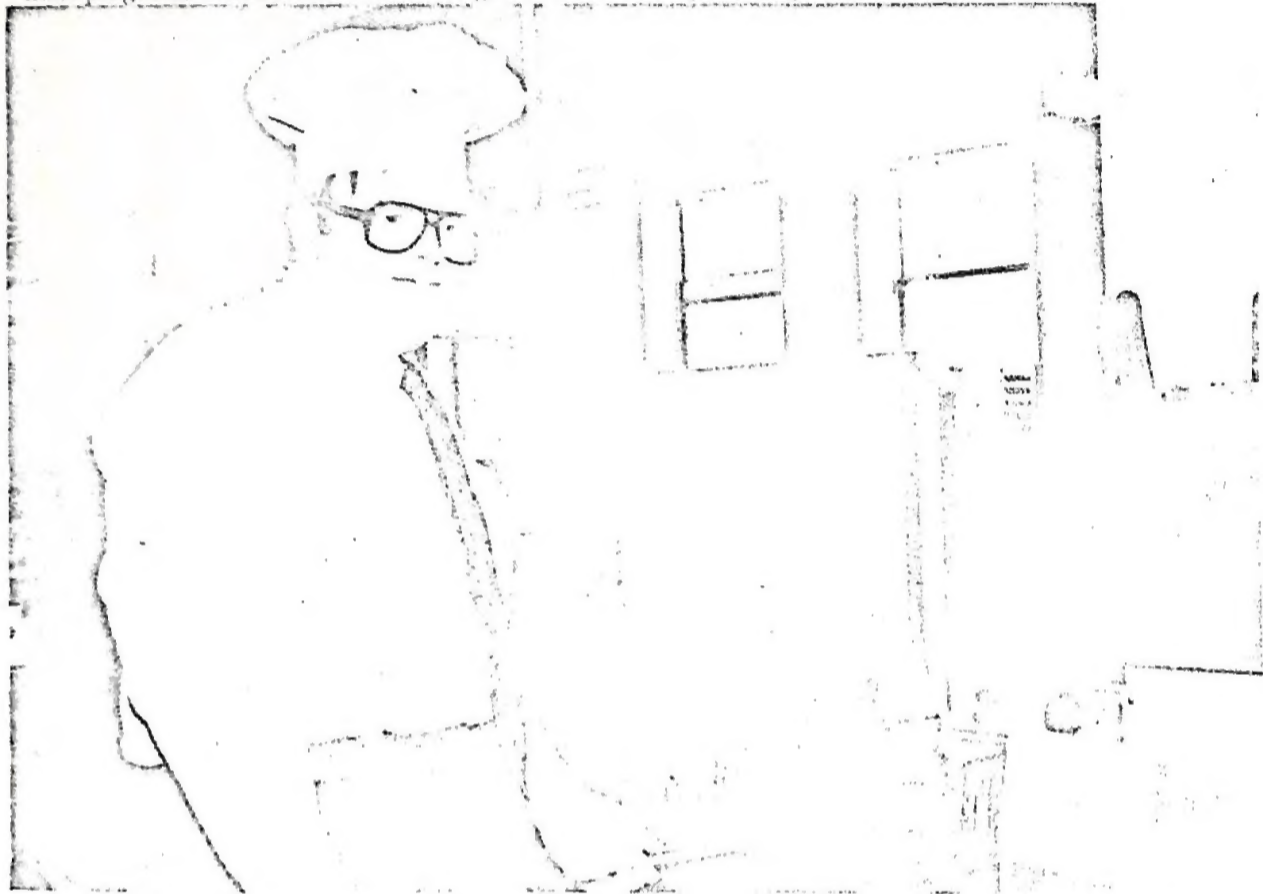
A four-year association with the Servomation Food Service took James to Boston University; the University of Massachusetts; Salem State Teacher's College; and various industrial plants in the New England area, serving as many as

the social drinker category and said he very rarely drinks. "I hate to see people drink so much that they go off the wall," he stated in a more serious tone.

Working at colleges and universities gave James an opportunity to travel during seasonal vacations. These travels have taken James to South America, Africa, Europe, the Orient and the Caribbean.

The summer of 1970 found James working for a food service organization in England as a relief manager. He worked as a tea-lady supervisor; a money counter; a vending machine mechanic; and in industrial-related food service during that time period.

continued on page 5



Larry James, director of Clarke's food service, spends much of his time working behind the scenes in the kitchen.

James' background certainly qualifies him to lead the crusade against the "same-old-rotten-food" syndrome, characteristic of many of the nation's colleges.

The portly, bespectacled James, director of Clarke's food service program, is a world traveler. When he arrived on the Clarke campus last summer, 34-year old James brought with him the foods of over thirty countries, from French quiche to German sauerbraten.

Born July 8, 1944 in a suburb of Boston, Massachusetts, James' education was food-oriented from an early age. "My parents ran a catering service and I worked in the

5000 persons on food contract. During that time, James took additional courses in food service/management.

He boasted of a three-day course in bartending he completed at Harvard University.

"The first two days involved intensive classroom work, but the last day was a subdued party," James recalled with a boyish grin. "For the final exam we had to mix certain drinks. Then we had to drink them all."

"We all passed . . . (out)," James laughed jokingly.

James has tended bar only on occasion. He rates himself well below

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COUPON



Ringmaster Nick Weber displays his daredevil fire-swallowing abilities during a performance by the Royal Lichtenstein Quarter-Ring Circus. Held in the Clarke cafeteria, the Circus also featured animal acts and stories for the audience of approximately 150. (See story on page one.)

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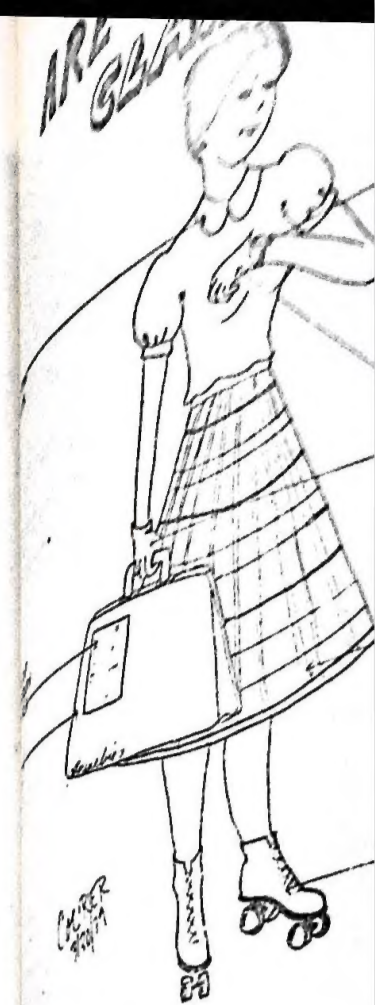
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AND
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"LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT"



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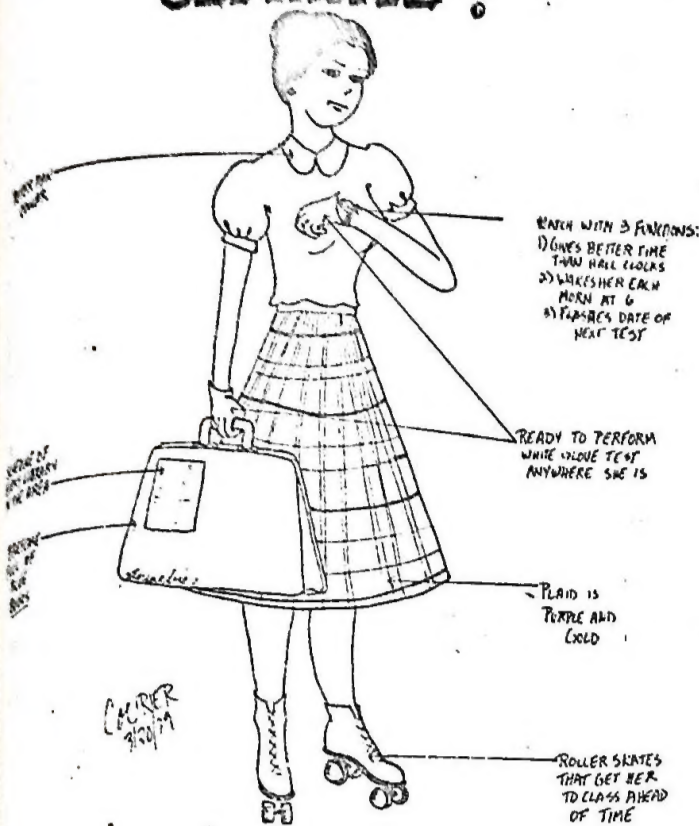
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his annual Ice Carnival is
conception which needs
formal dances are spon-
by the College during the
winter. The Clarke commu-
nity is unfamiliar with
formal, which reportedly
side through the campus
named Ice Queen.
has it that all Clarke stu-
and spend every moment
in the College library.
Last semester one par-
ticularly earned a grade of
to further falsify the
assumption, it is a well-
known fact that several students
spend minutes each day con-
fined in the College cafeteria.

years, Clarke students
changed their physical ap-
pearance, adopting a more con-
tentious code. The white gloves
they wear are long gone, re-
placed by navy blue wash-and-
wearers of dust and dirty

the astonishment of the
Clarke students have been
wearing jersey sweatshirts
and slacks on occasion
and excuses for their pic-
ture making for it.

ARE YOU A CLARKIE?



Mystique veils 'Clarkie' image

A veil of intrigue covers a Clarke student from the day she enrolls at the "Woman's College" to the time she earns her degree. Myths (not quite so extreme as the artwork above) paint the picture of a Clarke student.

According to such image portraits, the Clarke student is perfection in terms of intellectuality and social graces. However, she receives failing grade in the area of social life. Legend has it that the "typical" Clarke student has become so accustomed to her underground life that she never comes outside for air.

Perhaps the most popular and widely recognized of contemporary myths concerning Clarke is its "Ice Palace" label. Winter 1978-79 did take its toll on the College, yet the energy crisis didn't call for elimination of heat in Clarke's residence halls. There were no reports of frostbite and no frozen bodies discovered, even on the bitterest of cold days.

Clarke's annual Ice Carnival is another misconception which needs mending. Formal dances are sponsored by the College during the year, however, the Clarke community appears to be unfamiliar with the Ice Formal, which reportedly boasts ice sculpture decor and a thrilling ride through the campus on an eskimo-driven dogsled for the lucky girl named Ice Queen.

Rumor has it that all Clarke students achieve perfect grade point averages and spend every moment of free time in the College library. Such statements are gross errors of judgment. Last semester one particular student, to remain anonymous, reportedly earned a grade of B+ in an advanced social inquiry course. To further falsify the preceding assumption, it is a well-known fact that several students spend thirty minutes each day consuming food in the College cafeteria.

In recent years, Clarke students have changed their physical appearance, adopting a more contemporary dress code. The white gloves of yesteryear are long gone, replaced by navy blue wash-and-wear, concealers of dust and dirty paws.

Much to the astonishment of the outsider, Clarke students have been known to sport snazzy Bermuda shorts, revealing jersey sweatshirts and classic boat shoes on occasion. Waterflying hunting and berry picking are opportune excuses for the Clarke student to take advantage of her infrequent freedom of dress.

The notion that 8:30 p.m. curfews prevail at the College elicits laughter from the Clarke girls. Outside observers, far behind the times,

fail to recognize that the curfew was lifted several years ago.

It is rare, however, for a Clarke student to be out and about after 9 p.m. Only students with severe cases of insomnia can handle the late-night life and the Clarke community looks upon these poor, suffering souls with the deepest of sympathy.

The women of Clarke are, by their very position, labeled "women aware." They go through four rigorous years of intensive classroom training in the quest to attain that title. During their college years, Clarkies are continuously visualized as different from the females of neighboring Loras and the University of Dubuque. The entire "She's a Clarke girl..." mystique remains and will prevail as long as there is a Clarke College for Women.

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continued on page 4

James' stint as manager of the food service program in a London factory caused quite an uproar.

"All I wanted to do was make the meal plates look a bit fancier," James recalled of his decision to garnish them with parsley. "The workers thought the parsley was unnecessary. They became irate and I got into trouble," he added.

The redheaded bachelor took to the sea in the summers of 1974, 1976 and 1978, serving as Chief Steward on the University of Rhode Island's oceanographic research vessel while the regular steward was on vacation.

Though James cooked regularly for the twenty-eight crew members, adverse weather often brought that total down considerably. In the aftermath of one hurricane the seasickness toll ran high. "I was only feeding about three people a day," he commented.

James' fondest memories are those of his four-year association with Ricker College in Houlton, Maine. The small college atmosphere was more to James' liking.

"At a large school or corporation you're just a food service number. A smaller operation leaves more room for personal contact and suggestion," he said.

Ricker's small college atmosphere, however, did not eliminate the spirit of campus craziness. "There were a lot of animals in Maine," James mused in reference to some of the students on the College's meal plan. "Wild cafeteria goings-on were typical. I've lived through many a food fight," he added with a grin.

"Once a daring soul threw a peanut butter sandwich in the air and it stuck to the ceiling. I chewed him out in front of the entire cafeteria and told him he had better get that thing down. I embarrassed the hell out of the poor guy, but he never gave me trouble again," James stated triumphantly.

During his stay at Ricker, James managed the 250-contract food service; ran the College bookstore; taught a course in Hotel Restaurant Management; and served on various boards.

In addition, he operated a food service for the local residential care facility and worked in the Meals on Wheels program, servicing the elderly.

When bankruptcy forced Ricker's closing last spring, James Pitz, Clarke's business manager and former Ricker administrator, urged James to check out Clarke for a possible job opening.

James came to Dubuque and was impressed with Clarke. He accepted the College's offer and started as

Director of Food Services in the summer.

Unlike the ARA Food Service, which previously handled Clarke's meal program, James is not independent of the College. He serves in an administrative capacity, receiving his salary from Clarke.

The jovial James is impressed with the "down-to-earth" openness and friendliness the people of Clarke have conveyed to him. He admitted he was a bit apprehensive about Clarke in the beginning. "I thought it (Clarke) would be full of stuck-up women's libbers," he chuckled.

Completing his first year at Clarke, James has impressed the 300 students and nearly 50 Sisters on food contract with his innovative "monotony breakers."

"The daily routine of the cafeteria line gets boring. The taste of the food disappears and it's time to do something different," he stated. For this reason, James introduced the tastes of scotch woodcock, curried lamb and baked Alaska to the palates of the Clarke community.

James enjoys trying out new recipes, but admits that his experimentation doesn't always meet with success. "At Ricker I once tried a contest-winning recipe called a turkey Louise sandwich. It consisted of turkey, orange slices, cranberry sauce, lettuce and mayonnaise on dark, wholewheat bread. It was a real bomb and all I got from it was criticism," James related.

Rotating menus are against James' nature. "I make up a different menu each week," he said, emphasizing the importance of variety.

James said the general reaction to his performance at Clarke has been favorable with most of the criticism coming from the freshman students.

"College life is such a switch for them. They're (freshmen) being forced to eat certain foods at specific times and always at the same place," James stated understandably. "No one likes that kind of regimentation," he added.

Exam times are the most trying in terms of student tolerance according to James. "No matter what I do, nothing tastes right because everyone is so uptight," he sighed.

James said he reacts favorably to negative feed back concerning his food as long as it is constructive. "I need challenges or else my job gets too boring. If I'm bored, I'm unhappy," stated James. He was quick to add that the Clarke women provide him enough challenges to keep him busy during a 60-hour week.

Owning and operating a small New England inn is James' life ambition. "I'd love to buy something with about 15-20 units and a small dining room that would serve about forty persons," he said. "I'd close the place about two months out of the year and do some traveling," he added dreamily.

James is happy in his role at Clarke, but his roving spirit will not keep him here forever. "I plan to stay at Clarke for about three more years," he commented, explaining that staying in one place for too long a time would make him unhappy.

To the students of Clarke, James has added a special touch. Providing students with a homey atmosphere, familiarizing them with different cultures and keeping an open mind toward suggestion and criticism contribute to his popularity.

One Clarke sophomore, caught devouring one of James' student-favorite desserts, added some insight to the Food Director's success in his field. "He makes the best chocolate chip cookies I've ever tasted... they're even better than my mom's!"

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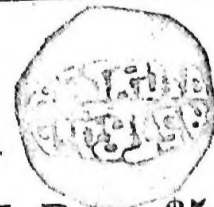
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Running into the spring season

by Jill Hickey
Sports Editor

Shopping centers have been warning me since Christmas. Magazines have had 'spreads' on it since the beginning of the 'winter-blahs' season. However, it wasn't until I was awakened by a mob of avid joggers under a bright, 6:00 a.m. sun, that I was convinced that spring is finally here.

Spring sports are abundant and my heart races in anticipation of what all I have in store for myself. Softball, tennis, badminton, volleyball, and of course, jogging, are all included in the line-up.

Along with shopping center warnings, came catalogs which depicted the perfect figure in exquisite spring fashions, which in turn, directed me to find my "track shoes and sweats," and start hitting the pavement.

It wasn't hard to find a jogging expert at school, as I have been avoiding all of them since the beginning of the year when I jaunted over to the Union with a 'pro' one night, and couldn't catch my breath for an hour. Swallowing my pride and hunger, I sought out a more sympathetic friend who believes in starting out slow.

Looking very professional: sweat-shirt, coordinated pants, and sneakers, I was convinced that at least I wouldn't look as bad as I predicted I would run. My partner snickered at my bright white shoes and hurriedly informed me that these days, dark 'track shoes' are in — and no one wears 'sneakers.'

Mentally recording that fact, I suggested that we wait until dark to run, so that nobody would recognize me. She was very eager to comply, although her roommate disagreed. She thought morning was the best time to jog as it stimulates one's entire system. I had always heard late afternoon was best, to curb hunger pangs before dinner. But, another onlooker suggested that real late at night would be best for getting rid of one's daily frustrations.

At the time, my only frustration was the jogging itself, but I agreed to go, with the assurance that we'd

start out SLOW. Trying to look skilled, I willingly rearranged my body during the essential warm-up exercises, yet, I didn't dare admit my energy failings so early in the game.

Following a unanimous decision (the only one of the adventure) conceding that a real track is the best starting point, our small caravan put our 'best-foot-forward' and began the graceful ball-heel motion; hands raised daintily at the waist; and knees nimbly absorbing and resisting the pressure.

By the time we reached the track, however, my sweatshirt was doing most of the absorbing and my 'dainty' arms felt like lead weights at my side. Being with a very patient crowd — one that could relate to the strained huffing and puffing of a beginning runner — I was allowed to rest before my trip around the track.

Without feeling pressure or embarrassment, I stepped on to the track moments later and was soon adjusted to the rhythmic pounding that was exaggerated in my head. Erasing the astonished faces from my mind, I concentrated on proper breathing: "... mouth closed; lips pursed; ... inhale through nose; blow out," while my legs took me as far as they could.

Practicing nightly not only built-up my resistance, but was a great morale builder as well. In fact, because of our serious attitude toward keeping in shape, my coach and I were able to accomplish a long time goal: jogging across the Julien Dubuque bridge. Although we walked over the portion covering the industrial sections, we actually jogged the width of the Mississippi.

Even the dull aches that prolonged my getting out of bed in the morning, are a 'good-pain' in the sense that I feel mentally and physically better after a night's run. (A fellow jogger hypothesized a correlation between clearing one's mind through jogging, therefore conditioning it for better study. If this is the case, I'll have to be careful not to clear it too well, as I might decide not to bother 'messing it up again.') Having made a pact to utilize at

least one hour of study-break a night to refresh our 'minds, bodies, and souls' by jogging, one can naturally imagine the disappointment that accompanied the April Fool's snowfall. Yet, now that I know I can do it, I'm convinced that my spring-sports-season won't be too devastating if I continue to jog. Besides — I have to get my sneakers, track shoes, to look broken-in enough to convince others that I didn't "accidentally bring my mother's shoes to school."

Ping-Pong ball follows games

by Meredyth Albright
Editor

Clarke girls, in spite of what the typical, or traditional Clarkie is, are sadistic. Every year at this time the Director of Student Activities sponsors a ping-pong tournament. The purpose: to end winter blahs, engage in athletic competition, and inflict pain on ping-pong balls.

For starters, the two opponents walk into a ping-pong match with the attitude to kill. (After all, it is deflating to the ego to hold a BA but can't control a ping-pong ball.) To cover up their anxiety and confidence, the two begin to exchange self criticism:

"I don't even know why I signed up for this, I'm not very good."

"Oh, sure you are, I'm the one who can't play."

"No, I'm serious, I can't even hold the paddle."

"Well let's get going and see who'll lose."

During the entire conversation,

both players are hoping that the other was telling the truth, not just psyching them out like they were trying to do.

The first step in playing a match is deciding who will start. Someone picks up the ball and begins to volley, the first person to miss after the ball has crossed the net four times does not start. This procedure is so ridiculous because the two act like winning the volley is a matter of life and death.

A match consists of two out of three games. An individual wins a game by scoring 21 points, their opponent must have 19 points or less. A point is scored when the opponent fails to return a volley after it has bounced on their side of the net.

Confident that their opponent is lousey, the players begin the match like nice girls: no violence. And to fake out the opponent, they miss a few, using their arm instead of snapping their wrist.

When they realize their opponent

is not trailing them by miles, brutality begins. The next time the ping-pong ball crosses the net, their wrists snap and the ball flies across the table. And the game continues ... back and forth, the ball being crushed onto a corner of the table or barralled into the net.

This all continues until one or the other wins the game. The opponents then switch sides of the table in hopes of having better luck.

The tournament is presently in Round 3 of 5.

Eulogy to a ping-pong ball
Not I lay me down to compete,
I pray the Lord, my shape to keep,
Even though I may be beat,
I pray the fall won't be too steep.

Classifieds

Pete
Thanks for a wonderful night. Hope you have a great birthday. How's it feel to be "over-the-hill?"

S.M.T.

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photo by carole bishop
Cindy Bell barrels the ball into net during a recent ping-pong match.

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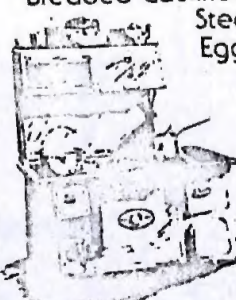
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around the dubuque colleges

Touch of Class, the Junior-Senior Formal will be held April 21 at the Julien Motor Inn's Grand ballroom, from 8:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. Music will be provided by "The Movement of Soul." Tickets will be \$7 per couple and will be pre-sold outside the cafeteria April 17-21.

An All-School Palm Sunday Mass will begin at 10:45 in the Music Hall for the Blessing of the Palms.

"The Gizz Kids," a physically handicapped basketball team, will play against "The Dubuque Team" composed of teachers from Clarke, Loras and UD, as well as

local personalities. The game will begin at 7:30 p.m. April 7 in the Upper Campus Gym on the Loras College campus. Tickets are \$2 for adults and \$1 for students.

Phoenix will sponsor a "Russian Roulette" dinner this Monday, April 9, for 50 interested students. Twenty percent of the students will be served steak dinners and the remaining 80 percent will be served rice. The dinner represents the world's total hunger population and will be served at one table only to initiate empathy for the poor and Third World populations.

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Kid from the University of Ill.
and his game against the Dubuque
handicapped team, played in
the community. The game
was exceptional.

Opening certain
possibility now

By Peggy O'Connell
Staff Writer
The possibility of allowing men to
attend at Clarke and receive degree
discussed at an April 17 meeting
conducted by Sister Carolyn Farrell,
Farrell, who heads the Board of
Social Atmosphere of
Lepus committee, presented the
proposal which would permit male
earn degrees in certain program
at Clarke. This proposal will be
brought before the Board of Trustees
next Friday.

The issue arose because of the
proposed BS nursing program at
Clarke. If the nursing program is
approved, federal regulations
require that any program using
federal money must provide equal
opportunities.

In the past, men have asked to
able to receive a degree from
Clarke, especially in the fine
management science, and education
departments. Currently, men
may receive MA degrees in education
from Clarke. The Trustees committee
is attempting to deal with the
anticipated issue that if men are
admitted into the nursing program,
should they be allowed to receive
degrees in other stipulated or
Clarke major programs.

About 25 people, including
administrators, department heads,
faculty members and students
upper classmen, attended the meeting.

Farrell and others explained that
Clarke would continue to remain
primarily a women's college with
educational program geared toward
women. The college, however,
would admit any man who asks
to be enrolled. Interestingly enough,
the school's charter, revised in 1964,
does not specify that only women
can be students at Clarke.
By not formally becoming a

Leverton

By Peggy O'Connell
Staff Writer
Denise Leverton lives in Sumner,
Massachusetts, near Boston.
She traveled the long way around
to Clarke. Leverton had been
back in the United States for
four days when she visited Clarke
April 4-5, having spent the previous
weeks representing America